

# Changing for the Better!

It was a beautiful sunny day in Plainville. It's a day when the whole town gathered for a fair in remembrance of a hurricane which hit that day but on July 17, 1875. A ten-year old girl named Mackenzie just entered the fair with her parents. "Mom, dad did I have to come, it's just a boring festival." whined Mackenzie. "Come on honey it's our first month in this town, just try to make some friends, and remember this is to honor hundreds of people who died in the hurricane.", replied her mom, "So why don't go explore." As her parents disappeared into the crowd, Mackenzie pushed through the crowd. I'm so sorry, said Mackenzie after accidentally bumping into two girls her age. It's okay they replied as Mackenzie got a bowl of gruel from the gruel booth. She said "Ew!" and spit it out. Oh, yeah, we should have warned you about the gruel, by the way my name is Jennifer said the tall, black haired girl, and this my best friend Hermione she said pointing to the girl with bushy, brown hair. "So, do you want to hang out with us and explore?" asked Jennifer and Hermione. Sure, Mackenzie replied and followed the two girls to the clothes booth. Those people back then had no fashion sense, covering every inch of their bodies, and dressing in black and white. "This is boring, come on, I know a better booth, called Hermione as she headed toward the history booth. Jennifer and Mackenzie sighed, but followed. The guy behind the counter explained that back in Olde Plainville there were witches in town. Mackenzie took a look at an old boring picture and asked "What did they do, cast boredom spells?" Everyone broke out laughing as the three girls walked toward a small bench and sat down. One thing was on all three of their minds, what if they could change the old town and make it better. All of a sudden, they were in a different place, wearing the same old boring clothes they saw at the booth. "Where are we and what is happening?!" yelled Mackenzie as Jennifer and Hermione looked around curiously. I think we some how transported ourselves back in time to Olde Plainville said Hermione. "Hear ye, hear ye" said a shorter man, "Everybody be careful, ye heard there are witches in town. Before Mackenzie or Jennifer got the chance to comment, three people came up to them and said, "Good, our new servants are here!" "We are not servants, we are just kids!" Hermione shot back. Before the three girls even had a chance to complain, the blonde woman grabbed Mackenzie by the hand and said, "Come we have dresses and bonnets to sew," and zoomed toward a little dress shop. While the short, stout woman took Hermione to make gruel at her small inn, and a man with a bow and arrow took Jennifer to help him hunt in the woods. Where are we, Mackenzie asked the blonde woman who happened to be the town's seamstress as they entered her dress shop. "We are in my dress shop and you are going to sew clothes, these to be exact," said the seamstress while showing Mackenzie a boring black and white dress, a cloak, and a bonnet. "These clothes look

like we are going to a funeral!” Mackenzie blurted out, “Can’t we make something more colorful or show a little skin, maybe I can work some magic on these drab clothes?” “We can’t do that, this is our traditional clothing!” scolded the seamstress. The little man who gave the announcement about witches heard her and snuck in, and said “I think this girl and her friends are witches, and I’m going to prove it,” and stormed off to the inn. Meanwhile in the small inn, Hermione was forced to peel and boil potatoes to make gruel. “Chop, chop hurry on the gruel girl,” rushed the short woman. “Can’t I make something tastier?” asked Hermione, but the inn keeper just growled and shook her head. But Hermione ignored the woman and started making tater-tots instead. “What are these abominations witch girl?” asked the man furiously, while tasting Hermione’s tater-tots which, he confiscated because he liked them so much. Meanwhile in the woods the hunter who took Jennifer just finished setting up a trap for a beaver. “You can’t hurt this poor, hardworking creature, look it’s adorable!” argued Jennifer. “Showing love for beasts, that’s it I know you three are witches, I’ll be seeing you at the court!” said the man popping out from behind a bush. All of a sudden, a big thunderclap rumbled through the forest. “What day is it?” asked Jennifer fearfully while it started raining. “It is July 17, 1875,” replied the hunter. Jennifer raced into the village to warn her friends, but the man took them to a small court room where the whole town gathered for their trial. While the three girls were tied up, Jennifer told the girls that the great hurricane was happening that very day and that they need to warn these people. Then the witch hunter man who is also the judge comes and, then he calls each of the three people we worked for, and they all agreed that we maybe witches. “Take them away!” said the witch hunter. “Wait, we are not witches, and the things we did are not magic it’s change: the food tastes better, the clothes are prettier, and animals are more than food,” Mackenzie said. “Everybody there is going to be a hurricane, let’s go to safety!” the girls explained. The villagers all agreed and headed toward safety. Suddenly, the girls found themselves waking up on the bench and when they asked someone, they said that they fell asleep. But the girls knew that they did change something, because the fair was way better and more colorful. Since then the girls and the villagers of Olde Plainville lived happily ever after.